

**WILL MEET NEXT
YEAR IN RICHMOND**

Final Session of Woman's Home
and Foreign Missionary
Society.

[Special to The Times-Dispatch]
Lynchburg, Va., October 26.—The Woman's Home and Foreign Missionary Society, which has been holding its thirty-third annual conference in the Court Street Methodist church for the past three days, adjourned today at 1 o'clock to meet in Richmond the first Tuesday in November.

The committee on the women's work met this morning at 9:45 to take up plans and to discuss the work for the coming year. Miss Ruth Blanks was in charge of this and she gave many valuable suggestions looking towards more better service for the year. At the same time the executive committee and the ten district secretaries met to discuss the plans and to elect a new executive committee and ten district secretaries. The committee electing the secretaries and vice versa. The district secretaries and district secretaries were elected with the exception that Miss Martin, of Charlottesville, was elected.

[illegible]

AMUSEMENTS

Academy—"The Country Boy," matinee and night.
Hijou—"Around the Clock," matinee.

"The Country Boy." For straight comedy, pure and unadorned, for character drawing so perfect that the people portrayed in the play are simply men and women whom most of us have seen and known; for cleverness and wit, without a sug-
gestive phrase, and for sound philosophy, not delivered by a bearded professor in the form of a dry lecture but smoothly and unobtrusively.

Edgar Selwyn's wonderfully successful play is billed as a comedy, and it is certainly that, but it is just as certainly a great deal more. "Believe me, son, a man is not a failure until he admits it himself," is only one of the many lines with meat in them which the cynical, hard-boiled, and hearted newspaper man Merkle, speaks to the boy who comes from the hills.

York because he thinks in his cocksureness that his opportunities at home are not big enough for his abilities. The boy does not succeed; he makes a chum in all innocence of a light, shallow, little chorus girl, who deserts him in his darkest hour, when his money is all gone and his sweet heart at home has thrown him over the chorus girl makes him shudder

the bottom of his clean young soul when he finally understands her, and in his misery, he determines to end it all "by the gas route" because of his utter failure. But, like Kipling's ship, he had only not found himself, and when Merkle, by a wonderfully ingenious trick or ruse, has set him on his feet again, the two of them will

The first act is merely explanatory; the second, the famous dining room scene, is exquisitely funny; the third is, at times, tense, and throughout written with the utmost skill and ability, if not genius, while the last act is clever and funny again—and happy.

The company opened less than a week ago, so that the longest

made for a few of the actors, who were not altogether easy in their parts. But on the whole the performance was more than good, and the two principal characters were played in a manner that deserves high praise. Wilfred Lytell was, to my mind, much more convincing as the boy, Tom Wilson, than was H. Dudley Hawley, who played the part here last December.

An unusually nice-looking young man "with a good head of hair" (vid. "Midnight Channel") he played easily, naturally and simply, entirely avoiding the pouting, obtrusive boyishness that spoiled the work of so many juveniles, as I remarked that of Hawley last season.

man, who plays Mierke, the newspaper man, than upon that of any other I have read. The cast, and in the selection of the cast, Kent for the part the manager is to be congratulated. His method differs somewhat from that of George A. Wright, whose play last year in that it is a little bit more mildly humorous, in spite of the character's chronic grPouch. Humorous may not be just the word—at least, he

is not quite so "snarly." Wright has an ugly voice, this man has a deep and powerful one, which he uses with great effect, and he is, altogether, a bit more human, more life-like than even the groughest kind of a columnist. He has one of the best parts ever written, and he gets out of it everything that even the author could desire.

The women in the piece do not matter much, which is rather fortunate. Lazzie McCall was fairly satisfactory as the landlady, but Grace Campbell, who played Jane, the boy's sweetheart, has a nasal quality of voice that would fit her better for the part of the chorus girl, while it was somewhat difficult to understand the fascination of the chorus girl as she was played by the extremely firm and serious

slangy Weinstein, longing for the White Lane, and kicking himself when he "thought of the fifty little dame floating around Forty-second Street and the careless way he used to pass them up."

Altogether, an excellent performance of a famous comedy. And again only half a house. W. D. G.

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